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JIM MARTIN

A Hero of the Galveston

BY CATHERINE D. SCHUREMAN.

Jim Martin's father was of a roving and go south, as he expressed it, "to

a dovecot and even help his father in old gentleman immensely, for he thought to be a good carpenter was down thousands of victims in its awful march. When at last it had spent its fury. Jim Martin came back to life, only to find that he was alone-father, mother, brothers and sisters all had fallen prey to the "yellow demon."

ost more than he could bear. As ealth and strength came back to him his spirits rose, and be set about his old trade. He was considered one of for so young a man be was a marvel. Neatness, strength and beauty were all ombined in his work-in fact, Jim more than he could do. Everywanted his advice when they could not get his work. It was a com mon saying that "Jim Martin's father's houses stood the storm of 1875 without so much as the loss of a shingle, and he can do better work than his father.' And so it happened that Jim made money and friends and became a fa-

vorite with the Galveston people. It was in the spring of 1892 when I occurred to him he was getting along in years and he who had built so many nomes for others ought to have one of about for the proper location. The tion for him. He loved to gaze on its glasslike surface in calm, and be was equally charmed when it rolled beyond Its shore. So with love in his heart for this wonderful, beautiful but for a home. At the end of the year the for substantiality at least, had never before been built on the island. The enormous chimneys were started away down in the ground, and plenty of shell was used in the mortar to make then strong enough to stand the wind and weather. Jim married and took his wife to the beautiful new home. There they lived until Sept. 8, 1900, when s ane combined swept over the gulf and

extended into the state of Texas more or less for nearly a hundred miles. Wednesday morring, Sept. 5, as Jim was passing the signal station he saw young doctor looking at the man which was made for the Cotton Exchange. He heard him remark, "The barometer is low, the wind is from the portheast, and the whole map pretty plainly shows cyclonic disturbances to When the doctor passed on, Jim walk ed up to the man who was making th map and asked, "Are there any signs of a cyclone?" "There are." he answer ed, "but our office has received no no tice of the kind." Jim thought of the storm of 1875 and shook his head. "Don't want to see another," he re narked to bimself. Had be known that the coming storm was to make the one of 1875 appear as nothing he might bave done differently, but all uncon sciously be passed on to bis work. At noon he went to his home and ate a substantial meal. As he passed out at the front door he said to his wife, who stood by his side: "Mollie, they say there are some signs of a cyclone. haven't anything of importance to do

the gulf to see how she looks. I'll be back in a little while." When he reached the shore, he wi astonished to see that, while the wind was in the north, the tide was running high, which was never the case with porth winds. Thursday he again vis ited the gulf and found much the same condition of things. Friday the wind was still from the north, and as night came on it increased in violence, th tide was high and the gulf very rough Again he went to the beach, gazed long on her turbulent surface, then walked briskly home. "Mollie," he celled out, "come, look at our old friend. I have never seen her so wild and rough since 1875, and do you notice the peculiar bazy appearance that "Yes, Jim, it does look like a storm but, please God, we don't have another like the one of 1875." Jim felt a little

auxious all night. As early as 8 o'clock Saturday more ing he arose and bastened to the beach The tide seemed to be at a standstill but while he stood wondering how it would end the tide began to rise and was soon over the street rallway tracks. He went back to his home told Mollie not to be frightened, that he and try to fix up the windows I broke mained two days to rest berself and was going up town to learn what the people thought of the weather. By 12 o'clock the wind had increased and tops of houses just above the water. charged 300 thalers. was blowing between forty and fifty As he gazed out of the window a terrimiles an bour. After talking to balf tew felt any alarm he went to the be swept away?" wharf front. The wind had shifted a Suddenly the wind veered round to "If you desire that, my dear man." point or two east of north and was

and was encroaching on the Strand, and all the low places were inundated little shocked to find that, while his lot and sidewalk were raised five or six feet above the street level, the water was within six or eight feet of his front door. He watched it slowly

face wore a troubled expression "Jim," she said, "do you think the he replied; "but if it does it won't hurt it, for I built this house to stay." At 4:30 the wind was blowing at a terrible rate, and the neighbors were flocking to Jim's house asking for shelter, for they feared their own little homes it bore boxes, barrels and small shap

rose four or five feet at a bound and of Jim's residence. Mollie begged Jin to come up stairs, but he was busy nailing up windows and doors an making things more secure below "I'll be up there directly, Mollie. You stay there and try to quiet the folks."

and prayers. shricks and groans were awful with fearful rapidity, bearing not only boxes and barrels, but large barns and houses. A cry arose above the dread ful din of the wind, water and crash

ing timbers. Jim looked out. In the uncertain light be saw beart with the other a little girl. The face of the nun stood out from its black drapery in bas-relief and white as the face of death, but resolute and

Jim saw the frall piece of debris which she clung tip, dip and sway from its course. Another blast of wind, and it struck the corner of his veranda and broke into small frag-

then rose. The air was under her long black cloak, and as it spread out acted as a life preserver. For about twelve feet she

with tremendous speed, and as Jim's her suddenly stop and cling to the post at the west end of the veranda. Quick as thought he raised his great hammer broke out the window and plunged into the water almost up to his arm nits. It was a desperate struggle keep from being swept on with to the side of the house till be was just they know she had kept her proopposite the post where the brave woman clung. His great fear now was that she would be blown off before be could reach her, and how so frail a being could hold on with only one arm (for she still held to the child) was a mystery to him. The wind was blowing at 100 miles an hour. He waited a second for the blast to pass over, then, with great effort, crossed the veranda He threw one arm around the post the other around the nun and tried to lift her, but to his utter consternati be found he could not. Twice, thrice be tried, but to no avail. He saw that she was not only conscious, but in full could see her lips move, but no word reached him above the deafening roar. He put his ear close to her mouth and caught two words, "cloak and post." Jim comprehended the situation-the wind and water had caught her long cloak and wide skirt and twisted then around the post until she was lashed to it so firmly that even big Jim could not loose her, but his head must take the place of his strength. He whipped out his knife and while he held her with his left arm be cut away the garment. With the last stroke of the knife she rose, and Jim almost lost his hold. and now another frightful blast, and the water rose four feet. He clung to his post until he recovered breath, then struck out toward the window, swimming with one arm and holding the nun with the other. He found it impossible to get back to the window on the south, so, with almost superhuman effort, be swam to the west side and caught hold of a swinging blind. They were now somewhat sheltered from the wind and entirely from the current. He pressed his body against the wall and raised the nun in his arms and placed

her on the window sill. He felt for his hammer; but, ob, despair, it had slipped from his pocket in the awful struggle for life on the veranda! The window must be broken in, he must get up stairs with his double burden. It took only time enough for the brain to telegraph the message to the hand before Jim, raised his huge fist and struck the glass a mighty blow. then another and another, until he could get through the opening. The his fancy. blood was flowing from many a cut. but what was that to a man like Jim Martin? He got inside and found the the nun so as to keep her head above in a contemptuous tone: water, while in her turn she held the child in like manner. Then they press self, and then it will be sure to look ed forward, ascending till they reached the second story. Mollie gave a cry of joy and clung to her husband. "You are all right here, Mollie. Take care of

a dozen or more and finding that very house stand, or will it, like all the rest, to favor him with her patronage on her

blowing more than sixty miles as hour. | mereased in violence. The water rose again take me for your sign,"

He kept himself affoat while he tried to for the stairs. Three or four strokes and he reached the top one, for the wa ter was now within one foot of the second floor. He was obliged to sit down for a moment in order to regain his breath. The cries of the children and the sobs of the women mingled demoniacal cries of triumphant fiends ized now that the end was near. Noth ing that man was able to construc

could stand the fearful wind and wa-ter. Jim worked like a hero, tore off the doors and lashed one after another Mollie, with many others k down in mute despair. The white faced nun worked, too, at binding fast doors and blinds the terrified people At last she took the child in her arms. Her eyes wore a determined express and her mouth was set firm. "I prom ised her mother to defend her with my

life and I must keep my promise." The wind was now blowing at least 120 miles an hour. Now another ter rific blast, the house shuddered, creaked, rose from its foundation like a gihouse rushed away bearing with it its man freight. Jim found himself struggling in the water, "Mollie, Molle," he called, but no reply reached his ear. She, with many others, had gone

eyond the reach of human voice. He threw out his hand and caught at ng hold of a small log.

Bruised and cut almost beyond re oftion, with the wind beating the rais against him until he was almost frozen, he struggled for his life. He was rushed on like a fast flying train, block

drop into the water something struck the end of his log and hurled it from his grasp. With the instinct of a drown ing man, be caught at the object. It proved to be the roof of a small building, and elinging to it was a woman holding a child. The black vell was one, the small arms bare, and only the white band over the forehead left to tell Jim that it was the little nun

With her fast failing strength she ifted up the little girl to him. He waved him back. As he caught the child in his arms the nun saw it was safe, a smile broke over her face, her fingers slipped from the roof, and she was swept away on the rushing tide. The next day, when the searching parties found-the body of a nun, they wondered why her face, even in death, and defended the child with her life? Jim was an unusually strong, musc lar man. Alone he might have saved himself, even after the hours of des perate struggle, but with the child he

had very little chance. Now, as the wind raged and bowled, he thought he heard, borne on its breath, "Drop the baby." - He was so terrified by the unholy thought that be pressed it coser to his side. "No! No! She defended it with her life; I will do no less than a woman!"

And so it happened, when the body of a man, holding close in his arms the form of a dead child, was piled on the dray with scores of others, then carried to the wharf, placed on the barge and taken out to the channel, there to rest until the sea gives up its dead, that a bystander remarked, "No doubt but that big fellow lost his life trying to save the baby."-Bobemian.

Hindoo women wear very beautifu and when wealthy very costly jewelry. They wear a large ring in the nose quite a number on each ear, and ever so many bangles on the arms and wrists, also massive gold and silver the women naturally think a great deal of them. But widows are not

allowed any ornaments at all, nor must they wear colors. The condition of women with living husbands is not much better. They must never look upon the face of any other man, so that they are not allowed to leave their homes, and these homes, even among the rich, are no pretty in the least. The small dingy rooms have bare walls and hardly any furniture, and look upon dreary interior yards without a vestige of tree

Melssonier, the great French artist,

with great gusto: One day, while walking in a provincial town where he was unknown, he entered a coach builder's establishment and began negotiations for the purchase of a dogcart which had taken

"It is elegant enough," said the artist, "but it is very badly painted." Judge of his surprise when he rewater was now four feet deep. He held celved the following answer delivered "If you don't like it, paint it your-

An Apt Reply.

A certain queen of Hanover once upthe little woman and child. They are on a time when traveling stopped at an all but dead. I must go down stairs inn called the Golden Goose. She reretinue and receive such entertainment It was dark, but he could see the as was needed and for the same was

On her departure the landlord be ble thought struck him. "Will my sought her with obsequious deferences

the south, and, strange as it may seem, replied her majesty, "you must not

TWO SCHOOLS. I put my heart to school, In the world where men grow wise, "Go cut," I mid, "and learn the rule, Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again,
"And where is the prize!" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pal
And the teacher's name was Pride." I put my heart to school, In the woods where wild birds sing. In the fields where flowers spring. Where brooks run cool and clear And the blue of heaven bends near. Go out," I said; "you are only a fool. But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And shy do you stay so long.
My heart, and where slo you rosm?"
The enswer cause with a laugh and a song.
"I find this school is home." idenry Van Dyke in Atlantic Monthly

AN EXCHANGE OF BAGS.

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ed and a stranger entered my room. He was a man of about 50, well dressed and having the look of a gentlenan, and there was a bland smile on his face as he quietly observed: "I thought I heard you invite me to

Bliss, New Orleans, but his looks and southerner. On the contrary, I knew be was a northern man. He was fair ly posted about my own town of Toonto, and, according to his statement he had been offered a large plat of vacant property at a bargain. I knew

-50

the property and its owner, and I knew the price to be low. We were talking away when there came a knock on the door, and as I rose to open it the landlord entered, and I saw a

stranger behind him. "Ab, Mr. Cook," said mine host "please excuse me. I thought you were out and some one might have entered your room. It is all right-all

He was gone before I could ask any questions, and Mr. Bliss at once led he conversation back to the property and kept me so busy answering his queries that I had no time to wonder over the incident. He remained for a full hour. As he asked me to act as his agent for the purchase of the propested, though I could not get over feeling a bit put out at the way be had entered my room. Before leaving be found that I was going down to Can-terbury in the morning, and he laughngly exclaimed:

"How very queer! Why, I'm going down there myself. I'll meet you at the station in the morning, and we'll make the journey together."

yerlike way. I found I had some curl osity about the way the landlord had burst into my room and also as to the identity of the man who had remained in the background. Mr. Bliss had seemed to talk straight enough, but I was considerably puzzled over him. After a night's sleep I felt better, how-ever, or at least less annoyed, and when Mr. Bliss' joined me at the sta-tion I gave him cordial welcome. In a casual way I also noticed that he carried a Gladstone bag, but of course thought nothing of it at the time. We were a little early for the train and had taken our tickets and were walk ing up and down the platform when I was accosted by a stranger who asked for a word in private. I suspected at once that he was a detective. When we had stepped aside, he respectfully

"Am I right in believing that you ar Mr. Cook of Toronto, Canada?" "Perfectly so," I replied.

"You are stopping at the King's Arms?" "! am." "And the party with you?"

"Mr. Theodore E. Bliss, sir." "Ah, just so! Thanks, sir. Mr. Blies, eing in your company, must be all right. Good day, sir. Had he lingered I might have put

some questions myself, but as be hurried away instead I turned to my friend. Mr. Bliss was humming an air to himself and appeared cool and olacid. He asked no questions, and I volunteered no information. I was upset again, however. If Mr. Bliss was all right because he was in my

company, the detective must have had suspicion of him previous to this meeting. I had in a way guaranteed the man, and had I been right or wrong? As soon as we had taken our seats in the train I began to pump him as if I had him on the witness stand. In the course of an hour he made a dozen slips about Toronto, aud he dodged so many questions that I made up my mind he was a man l wanted nothing to do with. I insisted on returning his money and taking back the receipt, and I declined to act as his

must get off there to see to a little usiness, but we did not part in bad feeling. It was not until I arrived at taken mine and left his.

Perhaps it was not exactly the right thing to do, but in my room at the ho tel I tried my keys on the lock of the strange bag and opened it. It was stuffed full of what I at first supposed to be clothing, but after a little inves way bords to the amount of half a lion dollars. I didn't have to figure led off and cers called and arrested me. They ha at the police station they would pay London, where the robbery had occurred, and, though I had money and the police and the funeral attention

to escape the crowd on his track. He ly signed documents guaranteeing procome direct to my room and had where for the night. He knew the and he planned to get out of town in my company. It cost the £100 in cash and no end of worry to get clear of

to the hotel the whilom urbane and "Yes, I know they failed to convict ercrowded, and I cannot accomm late you. Innocent as a babe, sir, bu you'll have to try some other hotel

the law, and when I finally returned

When You Give a Dinner. Let us suppose you wish to give a lit the dinner for six.

The tablecloth should be of the bes amask you can afford. Underneat should be the "silence cloth," which may be of thick cotton fiannel or a fel

the knives, sharp edges toward the plate and in the order in which the, are to be used, beginning at the right. To the right of the knives should be the soup spoon, bowl up, and the oys ter fork, when oysters are served. On the other side of the plate should

be the forks, tines up, as many as are ight hand of the plate.
The large napkins should be folded our times when they are ironed. When by hand, placing within the fold a diner roll or a piece of bread 2 inches by 1/2 thick. The napkin may be placed in ront of the plate or at the left of the

Always select a rather flat and neve a very towering floral centerplece, as his does not interfere with the exchange of glances and conversation across the table, and the guests are not ompelled to keep dodging from side to

Chinese Barbers

The barber's calling is supported by covernment. What if his little aquat azor only covers an inch or two at the time and makes the operation unnece sarily tedious. He has the advantage of knowing that he represents lawful authority. He ought never to suffer from being out of work.

makes up for natural deficiency. He can sell at clear profits talls of his own collecting and making. Perhaps the fact that Chinese hair offers little variety in color simplifies this article of commerce. The more sable the better Children's heads are shaved in order that it may be as black and thick as ossible. Black is much more cheerfu A Chinaman plaits white silk into his

hair when be goes into mourning. Tales of a tail might be multiplied The Chinaman's is more expressive than any that has not the power to wag with satisfaction or droop with dismay For convenience in work it is fastened up in a coll, but for a man to speak to his superior without letting it down is an insult. No Christian would enter church in this dishabille. A stranger might possibly do so, and in such a case, before beginning the service, the officiating minister would fix him with a glauce and politely-for the natives expect politeness under all circumstances address him, "Sir, will you

SEVENTY COFFINS IN FUNERAL LINE

Chinese Make Atonement for the Massacre by Giving Victims Post Mortem Honors.

Pekin, Dec. 20.—The officials of ung Chow have given a number of and the officials, by which the mission aries were to refrain from demanding ent of those guilty of murering the Christians if the officials would make public atonement for the rimes and impress the people with ncipal streets of the walled city of lung Chow. There were seventy co there were city officials, con the Chinese troops who besieged Tien lentials and was an innocent man, firmed in a square, with the of C ristians for having died in defense of reir faith. These officials subsequent

> The missionaries and the Chinese Christians traveled in a special train from Pekin to Tung Chow. After the meral services in the temple the Chiese officials rendered a banques to the nissionsries and the converu

Similar funerals will be held in other TO DEVASTATE SAMAR

General Hughes' Plan of Sweep ing Reprisals in the Philippines.

VICTORIA, Dec. 19 .- "The Manile limes," referring to the plan of cam-

sign in Samar, says: " "The Cavite marines to the number f 330 are stationed at Balaguinga. These marines, in conjunction with the oldiers of the 11th Infantry, will oprate from the south, scouring and urning the country northward until they meet and join bands with the 26th, the 12th, the 7th and the 9th regiments. This is the first part in the plan of camsaign. When the southern part of the island is thoroughly cleaned up, operaions will then begin from Luzon down to the southern line of troops, thus ounding up Lukban's army for final extermination. Samar Island will be mad. a desert where birds cannot live. There is a bare possibility that awed by the terrible punishment about to be nflicted, Lukban and his followers will lecide to throw themselves on the n rcy of the Americans, trusting to my terms which may be given them. Lukban's friends have become so terified that they have beseeched General Hughes to postpone his measure of reallation until the rebel chief can be sovierd of the sitution and be given a hance to present himself to the Amercan forces. These supplicants have eceived but slight encouragement from deneral Hughes, but they will be alowed to communicate with Lukban. He may possibly receive the treatment secorded prisoners of war, and the present measures of retaliation be thus

"The gunboats which have been parolling the coasts of Samar have not been idle. Besides the work of capturing Bancas and escaping insurgents, they are also engaged in burning the coast towns and forcing the insurgents into the interior. The pueblas on the bores of Leyte have also been devestated. A large ammunition factory at Parasan, which has been supplying the insurgents with powder and projectiles, has been captured."

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